Eating Out

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Eating Out

by DancingSkys

Summary

Namjoon asks Yoongi to accompany him to the yearly dinner with his colleagues and Yoongi being the shy and antisocial person he is says he'll agree on one condition; he wants to go as Namjoon's sub.

Notes

I finally got to get this request done. It was one of the first one the list and I'm working on the next one but I'm kinda stuck so let's see how that goes.
Also; I'm freaking weak for the Aftercare in this like... I just skimmed through it again and damn I'm soft TˆT
And come on the title is freaking genious! Ha!

In the meantime I've uploaded several other stories which might interest you as well~
Pirate(')s Rule: YoonSeok, Pirat AU, ABO, Multichaptered
Under The Sea (and sometimes above it): SugaKookie, Mermaid AU
Hi, Welcome to Tumblr! SugaMon, Smut, Soft/Pastel!Yoongi, Daddy!Namjoon
Here are the links if you want to check them out, it would mean a lot to me if you gave them a chance.

DancingSkys if ya wanna come and talk to me~~~ I hope you'll like this part~

This really was strange.

Yoongi scrunched up his nose as he looked at himself in the mirror, turning and twisting and jiggling his arms around as if to make sure he could still move normally, which he could by the way. He simply wasn't used to these kind of clothes and he honestly didn't really like them because he prefered oversized shirts, ripped jeans and comfortable hoodies but okay, he could live with this for for special occasions.

He tried thinking back to the last time he wore such an outfit and had to frown as he realized it must have been at least… several years.

"Yoongi," Namjoon called with a sickening sweet voice and the younger huffed, rolling his eyes at his boyfriend. "My cute, little beluga whale, are you ready?"

Yoongi's eyebrow twitched.

Excuse me?!

He ripped the door open. "What did you call me?!" he almost shrieked, Namjoon just smiling at him sweetly and making a stupid kissy face. "What? You both look cute and I wanna snuggle both."

"You want to snuggle a beluga whale?" Yoongi asked with a critically raised eyebrow and the older shrugged. "I mean, they are cute, they smile at you and they have this adorable kissy face so why not?"

He looked at Yoongi.

Yoongi looked back at him.

Silence ensued.

"Okay," the younger said slowly. "Please don't try to snuggle any beluga whales… or try to kiss them."

The older pouted. "Fine. No beluga whale snuggles then, okay, fine." He couldn't suppress a snicker before he turned somewhat more serious again and stepped closer. "Okay, let me look at you." He stroked his chin like he was deep in thought and hummed. "I have to

say, you look really good, very mature."

"I always look mature," Yoongi protested and Namjoon nodded. "Of course, with your pink sweatshirt and baby blue jeans." He nodded his head again and the younger pursed his lips. "Better than your Superman shirt."

"I only wear that to sleep!" the older protested immediately and the student smirked. "You still have it though so it counts." Namjoon huffed in defeat and shook his head. "Fine, I might own a few not so mature articles of clothing-"

"A Superman shirt."

"But apart from that, your tie is lopsided."

"What?" Yoongi asked, looking down at himself and immediately tugging on his tie in an attempt to straighten it. Namjoon couldn't hide his fond smile and stepped up to him, taking the student's hands away from his tie. "Here, let me." The younger dropped his hands to his side and just watched as his lover redid the knot and tightened it, fixing his collar again and straightening out his jacket. "There you go," he said softly, Yoongi thanking him quietly. "Funny how you can do it perfectly for me yet not so much on yourself," he teased and the student whined. "That's different!"

"I know, I know," the lawyer laughed, kissing his lover's forehead. "But you really do look good," he said now a bit more serious and Yoongi fiddled with his fingers. "Is this really okay?" he asked, rubbing his arm. "I mean… this is dinner with your… your colleagues and um…" He looked down at his shoes, not really knowing what to say.

Namjoon looked at him, tracing his cheek with the back of his hand. "Do you trust me?" he asked softly and Yoongi swallowed. "Of course I do," he mumbled.

"Then you can just let go and enjoy the night," the elder murmured, wrapping his arms around the younger and burying his hand into the hair at the back of his neck, making him look up and just gazing into those chocolate brown eyes for a while.

"Who do you belong to, baby?" he asked softly and Yoongi released a small breath. "To you, sir," he answered without hesitation, making Namjoon smile proudly. "Good."

Of course Yoongi was still nervous but he had agreed to this after all. Namjoon had asked him if he would accompany him to the yearly dinner with all his colleagues that worked under the same management, surprising the younger greatly. “Aren’t people supposed to like… take their wife there or something?” he had asked carefully and Namjoon had just stared at him for a while. “Well, I don’t have a wife but I have a boyfriend so I would like to take him with me,” he had said, Yoongi blinking am him almost stupidly.

He had asked the older, although very shyly, about going as his sub. It had surprised the lawyer to say the least, asking him for his reason and Yoongi had just shuffled his feet in embarrassment before mumbling. “It feels… more relaxing. Like… I know I’ll act proper that way-”

“You always act proper, honey, whatever you mean by that because I never once thought you acted improper” Namjoon had said, stroking his cheeks and the younger had looked away. “It just comes more naturally to me when I’m your sub and… kind of more… like…” he has gestured around in an attempt to explain that he just felt safe when Namjoon was his dom. Not that he usually didn’t feel safe but he didn’t like social gatherings, especially when he didn’t know the people so this was a really, really big step for him. He could give all control up to Namjoon and it wouldn’t be like a play party. He could still be his sub even when others were around and just do it in a subtle way. It wasn’t like he wanted to kneel at his feet and wear his collar to the dinner, he just wanted a bit stability.

So it came that Namjoon choose a suit for Yoongi, making him try on different things and talking with the woman at the small store about what would look the best while the younger just let him decide since he had absolutely no idea about suits and would have gone in a hoodie if there wasn’t this stupid unwritten rule that lawyers always wore suits and therefore he was expected to wear one as well.

Now that he was finally dressed he waited for the older to put on his more formal wear, waiting next to the door and tying his tie for him once he was done. He kind of loved doing this because it was a very simple way to take care of his dom.

“Thanks, baby,” the older said and kissed his cheek, Yoongi just smiling sweetly at him. “I want you to be nice and polite to everyone but I know you’ll behave because you always do, don’t you?” he continued and the younger’s body buzzed because of the compliment, smile widening even more. “Of course, sir,” he said softly, the older

nodding his head in a satisfied manner. “Very good. Now go get our things while I turn off the lights.”

Yoongi gathered their wallets and the elder’s keys and waited at the front door. “I won’t be mad that you don’t call me sir when people are around,” the older said once they were seated on the car and driving to the fine diner about half an hour away. Yoongi nodded his head at that, knowing it would feel strange to address Namjoon by his name while he was his sub but he didn’t want to call him by his title when others could hear and thankfully the lawyer was very understanding in this aspect. They could bend the rules for one evening, they were doing this because otherwise Yoongi would probably crawl under the table after the first few minutes and wouldn’t come out anymore even when Namjoon would try to lure him with marshmallows or mangos.

“Sir?” Yoongi asked softly after a while of silence between the two and only the radio playing some of the recent songs quietly. The older hummed and Yoongi looked down at his hands, running his fingers over his knuckles. “Your colleagues won’t… treat you any differently because you have a… a boyfriend, right?” he asked quietly, looking up at the lawyer from under his lashes and although Namjoon didn’t take his eyes off the road he could still see how worried his sub was about this and he was a bit surprised he hadn’t asked about this before but didn’t deem it necessary to dwell on that any further.

“No, they won’t,” he said, shifting gears after rounding a corner. “And if they do then they are the minority and not the people I like having around anyway.”

Yoongi continued looking at him so he glanced over and smiled at him reassuringly. “You’re sweet, baby, they’ll love you. Don’t worry about their reactions, many of them have worked with gay couples before and know we’re not any different from any other couples.”

The younger nodded his head, feeling a bit better after saying his worries out loud. He wasn’t good at hiding stuff from the older when he was his sub anyway. He was way to vulnerable in this position and often spilled his worries after just a few soft nudges from his dom, always feeling better afterwards because he knew Namjoon wouldn’t judge him or be mad.

It was a different story when he was not his sub because then his walls were higher and it took him longer to open up. It was just the kind of person he was and although he trusted Namjoon with his life it was still difficult to break out of old habits.

“Alright, baby,” Namjoon said cheerfully after he had parked the car. “Off we go and just have some fun, there are some very nice men and women among them who would surely love to hear about your music.”

“You think so, sir?” he asked unsurely, the older pinching his cheeks. “I know so.” He got out of the car, the younger following him hurriedly and accepting the hand that was offered to him shyly. “Remember, just say the word and it’ll stop immediately, alright?” he murmured into the blond’s ear who nodded his head. “I know, sir,” he reassured with a soft smile and his dom nodded. “Good.”

They crossed the parking lot and entered the restaurant, the word ‘EXPENSIVE’ ringing at the back of Yoongi’s head as soon as he saw the interior, a chandelier hanging above their heads, the tiles shiny and the lights having a warm but still noble atmosphere all around them. A staff member was waiting next to the door and asked if they had any coats that needed to be taken care off before leading them through the front of the restaurant towards a separated area where many men and women in business attire were already chatting away happily, some more serious while others were laughing in a carefree manner.

“Oh, Namjoon!” someone called, waving them over and Namjoon raised his own hand in greeting. It was a man probably several years older than Namjoon himself with a petite woman in a flowy but classy-looking floral dress by his side, both of them holding glasses of champagne. “I haven’t seen you in weeks, ma old boy,” the man said with a big grin once they were closer, slapping Namjoon’s back, the latter laughing. “Busy with reports, you know how it is,” he said and the other hummed almost sadly. “And I see you brought company,” he smiled at Yoongi who suddenly felt way smaller than he actually was. “I did,” Namjoon said almost proudly. “This is Yoongi, Yoongi this is Jordan and his wife Michelle.”

“Nice to meet you, sir,” he said as he shook the man’s hand, the woman’s afterwards. “Ma’am.”

“Aw my, he’s so sweet but no need to call us so formally, sweety,” she said and smiled at him so he nodded his head in acceptance.

After both denying a glass of champagne politely Namjoon and Jordan talked about a few things Yoongi didn’t really understand, Michelle leaving her husband’s side to talk to him and sure enough they came to talk about music after a while, the woman beyond excited once she

got to know he was making his own music… or at least working on being able to do that, asking about his process and studies with great interest.

Talking about music made Yoongi feel at ease because he knew what he was talking about and he loved talking to people who seemed to be genuinely interested in what he had to say.

Namjoon and him continued their little hello round after a while, Yoongi getting introduced to a bunch of people whose names he forgot after only a little bit because he was absolutely horrible with names so he was relieved once they settled down for dinner at a table with Jordan, his wife and another couple who seemed to close to them as well. The woman worked under the same company and her husband was in the same tennis club as Jordan so they often met up and talked regularly.

The younger was still shy around everyone because he wasn't quick to come out of his shell, Namjoon rubbing his lower back reassuringly as he explained his last assignment to everyone at the table, answering some questions from the others but generally too shy to get involved into the conversation so he just listened, always sitting straight and looking attentive because that was polite and that way you showed respect. He was probably by far the youngest person in the room so it was the least he could do. Not to forget he was always respectful to people, even more so when he was Namjoon's sub.

He discreetly asked the older if he could get dessert after the main course and his dom nodded with a smile, telling him to chose something for both of them which made Yoongi feel oddly happy about receiving such a simple task but he generally loved receiving tasks because that meant he could do something for his dom that would either make his life easier or he get to do something the elder enjoyed which was always good. He chose Creme Brulee for both of them because that is something they usually never got to eat, trying not to look completely excited and like a child when they waiter placed down the small bowls on their table and heated up the sugar on top until it melted. It looked great and it tasted heavenly.

The night continued with some small talk between Namjoon and his colleagues, Yoongi standing next to him and listening, answering politely whenever he was asked a question and trying to smile so he would leave a good impression. He didn't want to attract any bad attention towards his dom after all.

Yoongi was exhausted and slumped slightly in the car seat, feeling sleepy from all the food he had eaten and the conversations he had held. Namjoon looked a bit tired as well but patted his knee with a soft chuckle. “You did a great job, baby,” he praised, keeping his hand there until he had to shift gears the next time. Yoongi perked up slightly at that, smile sneaking onto his face. “Thank you, sir,” he said softly, eyelids heavy and just wanting to close.

“Yeah, you’re gonna get a reward once we get home.”

And he was wide awake again, looking at the older with big eyes but not asking what exactly the elder had in mind. He would do whatever he wanted him to do, whether that would be riding the elder, giving him a blowjob and letting him paddle his behind. He was open for all suggestions… just that they weren’t suggestion because when his dom suggested something he always did it since it was more of an order.

Though he did not expect to be ordered to get a chair from the kitchen, carrying it into the bedroom obediently and putting it down with the backrest facing sideways from them.

“Clothes off, baby,” Namjoon almost purred and Yoongi hurried to comply, fumbling with the buttons of his shirt clumsily and especially with his tie but Namjoon just watched in amusement, not helping his sub who folded the clothes neatly and put them away, waiting for the next order.

“I want to wear your collar, baby. Do want me to put it on your neck and show everyone who you belong to?,” the older asked as he stepped closer to his sub who nodded his head eagerly, already feeling hot at the mere mention of his beloved collar. “Yes, sir, please.”

“Then go get it.”

Yoongi jumped over to the closet and opened the right cupboard, taking out his collar and presenting it to his dom who took the black leather band and fastened it around the blond’s neck, pulling his back against his chest and making sure to speak right next to his ear. “You look lovely like that, baby,” he murmured, his hands wandering across his sub’s chest and stomach, the student already breathing faster than usual. “Showing everyone who you belong to, whose sub you are. Tell me, baby, who do you belong to?”

“To you, sir,” Yoongi said without hesitation, a whiny undertone to

his voice. “Louder, baby.”

“T-to you, sir!” Yoongi whined, breath hitching as the older licked across the shell of his ear and his body twitching slightly at the sensation. “That’s right, baby. You belong to me and you’ll do whatever I want you to, won’t you?”

“Yes, yes, yes sir, p-please,” the student whined, squirming the slightest bit. “What a good boy you are for me,” the older murmured, kissing the other’s neck lovingly. “Bend over, baby, hands on the chair.”

Yoongi hurried to comply, trying to keep his breathing under control because they hadn’t even really started yet but Namjoon knew his body like the back of his hand and could make him come within almost seconds and prevent him from coming with his a flick of his wrist. It was almost scary but Yoongi lived off of the feeling of Namjoon controlling everything about him, he loved it.

He took a shaky breath once Namjoon’s large hands grabbed his hips, making his whole body twitch in response. “So pretty, my baby,” the older said huskily, Yoongi biting his lip and dropping his head even lower in submission. He shuddered as those heavenly hands wandered across his body, slowly going lower until the thumbs went between his butt cheeks and a small sound left him as they rubbed over his entrance.

“You like that, baby?” Namjoon asked, the smirk obvious in his voice and the student blushed heavily. “Y-yes, sir,” he whined softly, small gasps leaving his mouth.

Namjoon shuffled slightly behind him, never stopping his ministration until he leaned in closer, his warm breath tickling the younger’s sensitive skin. He almost jumped out of his skin as something hot and wet ran over his hole, a squeaky sound leaving his lips and his body jerking forward but the elder had his legs in a bruising grip and kept him in place.

“Be a good boy and keep still for sir, he has a reward for you,” the lawyer drawled and Yoongi whimpered, trying not to completely loose it as the elder’s tongue ran over his hole again but couldn’t stop his body from shuddering because of the overwhelming feeling.

Soon enough his hole was slick with spit and saliva, the older standing up and pressing his clothed crotch again his sub’s bare behind as he put three fingers in front of his mouth. “Get them nice and wet, baby,

just like your needy little hole."

Yoongi whimpered but opened his mouth obediently, sucking on the fingers and running his tongue all over them to get them as wet as possible, some drool running down the corner of his mouth once Namjoon pulled away, losing no time and pushing the first finger inside of his whining sub. The first finger was always the most thrilling because the stretch felt somehow foreign but somehow still familiar.

The elder thrusted his finger back and forth slowly before bending down and licking around it which made Yoongi's legs shaky and a needy sound leave his mouth, his lids fluttering and his knees knocking against each other.

"Such a needy baby," the dom commented with a chuckle, pushing another finger inside and stretching his sub until he could flick his tongue over his hole between his two fingers which made the younger moan loudly. "Look at you, baby, moaning over someone licking your wet, needy hole," he chided, shaking his head and chuckling.

Yoongi sobbed softly and bit his lip, cheeks flaming red because Namjoon knew how embarrassing but arousing this was for the younger and he loved to tease him about getting worked up with just a few flicks of his tongue.

"So needy for me," Namjoon growled, pushing three fingers into his sub and opening him up even further, stretching his hole and pressing his fingers into his prostate just to see him arch his back and yelp in surprise. "You're so open for me, just waiting for me to devour you whole," the lawyer continued, Yoongi just nodding his head frantically with his hair almost covering his eyes.

The older chuckled and pulled out his fingers, ignoring the whine from his sub in favor of grabbing his hipbones and keeping him in place as he went between his cheeks again, this time boldly licking and mouthing and the younger's entrance, getting loud moans in return and it didn't take long before Yoongi's legs and arms collapsed and he was hanging over the chair, clutching onto its legs desperately and writhing around as moans fell free from his mouth.

Namjoon nipped the inside of his sub's thigh and leaned back just slight so the boy could get up again, simply continuing his ministration afterwards and pushing his tongue inside, pulling his sub further onto his face and the student all but shrieked, his thighs

quivering dangerously, spread apart because of the elder's broad shoulders.

"F-fuck, sir AAH! P-pleas-AH!" he whined, bucking his hips back until the inside of his thigh was bitten harshly, surely leaving a pretty big bruise behind on his soft skin. "Such an impatient boy," Namjoon tsked before going back to work, Yoongi having no time to recover. The feeling was just too overwhelming, his vision going hazy and he felt his stomach pulling taught. "S-sir please...m-m-may I come, p-please, please?" he stuttered out between some moans, Namjoon growling and sending vibrations up Yoongi's spine which made him moan again, completely at the elder's mercy.

"You were such a good boy today so yes, baby, you can come."

With just a few more licks Yoongi cried out, his whole body shaking violently and Namjoon held his hips to make sure he didn't slip off the chair, finger fucking him through his orgasmn and kissing up his spin once he was finished to get him back to reality since Yoongi liked spacing out a lot, especially after a well-deserved orgasm, the practised 'Thank you, sir' a jumbled mess..

He didn't wait too long before he moved the younger onto the ground, grabbing the back of his neck and checking for eye contact before guiding him towards his own length, pants and underwear pushed down the slightest bit. The sub opened his mouth obediently, eyes still glassy and hazy, pink tongue poking out and flicking over the elder's tip before taking it into his mouth and sucking gently. He slowly moved up until he swallowed around the elder's entire length, trying to relax his throat as the elder took control and thrusted into his mouth with deep growls and groans leaving his mouth.

"Such a good boy," he said huskily, looking down at the younger who whined at the compliment, eyes getting teary because of the rough treatment. "You like that, don't you. Choking on your dom's dick, being forced to swallow all that but you get off on it, don't you? You like choking and gagging with sir's cock down your throat like the good, little sub you are."

Yoongi whimpered, nodding his head as much as he could and clinging to the back of the elder's thighs as he sped up the pace, the younger barely having time to swallow his own saliva which his why his mouth and chin was soon wet with excessive spit.

The elder didn't take long, his sub's mouth was just too good,

releasing in the younger's mouth who caught it all and showed his dom once he had pulled out. Namjoon chuckled before telling his sub to swallow which he did without hesitation and that always sent a rush through the elder's body. Having the younger swallow on command made him feel powerful and in control which he loved as a dom, afterwards always checking the boy's mouth to make sure nothing was left. "That's a good sub," he murmured, running his hand through the blond's sweaty hair and stroking his cheek. He loved the blissed out expression on the student's face after a good session, the student getting drunk off on praise and letting the older play with him.

"T-thank you, sir," Yoongi croaked with a scratchy voice, feeling more than content with himself and the world which probably showed on his face, being sure he looked like he was high on some drug.

Namjoon smiled and bent down to kiss the younger who sighed into the kiss happily. "Thank you for your services, baby, you did great tonight," he said, Yoongi smiling and letting his head reast in the crook of the elder's neck, closing his eyes for a moment to find back to reality, the older just holding him and massaging his nape..

"Wanna take a bath?" Yoongi asked quietly after a while of just silence and Namjoon stroking his hair, voice still a bit shaky. "Wanna try out your new bath bomb?" the older asked and Yoongi hummed. "Feel more like bubbles," he mumbled, Namjoon nodding his head. "Alright, bubbles it is. Come on, honey, up on your feet."

Namjoon did most of the work to be honest, hoisting the younger up so he could stand on his shaky legs and no, they didn't spend the entire time the bathtub needed to fill with kissing each other. No, not at all.

They settled in the hot bath once it was ready, Yoongi sprawled out over Namjoon and resting his head on his chest, probably already half falling asleep and unable to appreciate the lavender bubbles.

"No sleeping yet, pumpkin," Namjoon said with a laugh, squishing the younger's cheeks once he noticed he was dozing off. He got a whine in return, the student sitting up and rubbing all over the elder's chest absentmindedly, spreading bubbles and washing them away only to do it again. Namjoon let him, just smiling stupidly and holding Yoongi's waist because that's where his hands automatically went, closing his eyes and relaxing.

“Did I do a good job at the dinner?” Yoongi asked after a while, still playing with the bubbles and Namjoon peeked one eye open, looking at the younger who stared at his chest and the bubbles.

“I think you did amazing, honey, I know it’s difficult for you,” he said, closing his eyes and smiling. “Michelle asked me if she could adopt you.”

Yoongi couldn’t hide his smile, having spent a big amount of the evening talking to Jordan’s wife. She was really nice, about ten years older than him and showing great interest in his music. “And I’m sure the others liked you as well and I’m very, very proud of you,” Namjoon continued, rubbing over Yoongi’s hip bones reassuringly. “Otherwise I wouldn’t have rewarded you.”

The student ducked his head. “Just wanted to be sure,” he said quietly, the lawyer patting his lower back and smiling.

“What you think about going to bed?” he asked, Yoongi now smiling as well. “We can also sleep here,” he suggested, snuggling back into the elder’s chest and hearing his laugh rumbling through his body. “We’ll turn into a pair of soggy sponges so no, let’s not.”

“I’d still like you even as a soggy sponge,” Yoongi mumbled, Namjoon laughing again. “Thanks honey, but I have no intention of turning into one and neither do you so let's go sleep, yeah?”

Yoongi sighed and sat up. “Okay.”

Namjoon straightened up as well, the younger taking the opportunity to wrap his arms around his neck and pull him into another sweet kiss, licking the elders lips until he gave in and opened his mouth, their tongues exploring a little. “I know you’re doing this because you don’t want to get out,” Namjoon murmured after a while, grinning against the younger’s lips as they parted for a second, the latter having no other excuse for his actions so he just leaned back in, chosing to stay silent and let his actions speak for now.

“Maybe I just like kissing you,” he said softly and the lawyer chuckled. “Oh, I’m sure you do but I also know you like sleeping so how about we get out of here, hop into bed and we can kiss until we fall asleep. How does that sound, hm?”

Yoongi hummed lazily. “Sounds like a plan.”

So that is what they did.

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